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Book and Job Printing

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

THE STORY TELLER.

THE YANKEE GIRL.

BY MRS. HARRIET B. STOWE.

Every land has its own "beau ideal" of woman, and its own ladies have been beprized in certain good set terms, with which every body, the least read in polite literature, is perfectly acquainted. Who has not heard of the noble bearing, the beauty and domestic virtue of the dames of England? Of the sprightliness and fascination of the ladies of France? How have the light footsteps of Spain, the melting eye of Italy been said and sung. And to this list of the most famous of the world, we add the fair and noble of New England, come, spade in hand, and bring the flower of his own land? Let the English lady be enthroned as the lily—the French, the ever bright and varying tulip—the Spanish and Italian, the full rose; the richest and most voluptuous of flowers. The Yankee girl is the rose laurel, whose blossoms no garden flower ever excelled in easy delicacy and gracefulness of form, but whose root asks neither garden-bed nor gardener's care, but will take for itself strong hold wherever there is a handful of earth in the cleft of a rock, whose polished leaf looks green and cheerful over the snows of the keenest winter. In her you shall find the union of womanly delicacy and refinement with manly energy and decision, with womanly gentleness and efficiency in execution.

While some ladies found their claim to interest on the delicate ignorance and naivety as to all the practical parts of life, the only fear of the New England girl is that there should be anything that woman ever did, which she cannot do, and has not done a little better than ever it was done before. Born of frugal parents, who, with any other habits would be poor, she turns early to make energy and ingenuity supply the place of wealth. Born in a land where all are equal, no princess could surpass her in the feeling of self-respect. Born where the universal impulse of all is to rise, there is nothing in the way of knowledge and accomplishment, which she does not hope some day to acquire, and even without any advantages of culture, womanly tact, quickness of mind, and lady-like self-possession, add the charm of grace to her beauty. Now if you wish to find this lady of your fair, you must not look for her in our cities, where all the young speak French, play on the piano, and are taught to be as much like one another as their bonnets. If you wish to invest in the flowers of a country, you do not look for them under the shade of damask curtains, in the windows of drawing rooms, but seek them, as they grow free and individual at the roots of old mossy trees, and in the clefts of overhanging ledges of rocks, or forming eyelashes to the thousand bright eyes of merry brooks. So if you would see this Yankee girl as she is, take a flight up with us—up—up—not to the skies, but to the north of New Hampshire. Alight with us now in this cozy little nook, where the retiring mountains have left space for cultivation, and hard hands have been found to improve it. There, on the green breasted turf, have been dropped some dozen or so of dwellings, a meeting house and a school house, all in very nondescript and unimpressive styles of architecture. There, in that village which never was roused by the rattle and tramp of the mail coach, whose only road has a green ribbon of turf in the middle, with a little turfy line on each side, you will perhaps find what I speak of. How still and Sabbath-like seems the place to-day—does any body live here? There is nobody to be seen in the streets—nothing stirring but the leaves of the dense heavy sugar maples, that shade the old brown houses, and the blue flies and humble bees which are buzzing about, with great pretension to business, in the clover fields. But stay! there are signs of life; else why the row of shining milk pails—and bark! by the broad drawl from the open windows of yonder school house, you perceive there is a rising generation in the land. Come with us, where a large, motherly, old-fashioned house seems to have sat down to confound itself on that velvet slope of turf, while the broad masses of the maples and the superb arches of the elms, form an array of foliage about it truly regal. That house is the palace royal of one of the sovereign people of New Hampshire, to wit, Jonathan Parsons. Jonathan is a great man, and rich in the land, and a wise man, and a man of valor moreover. He is great, politically, for he keeps the post office. He is rich, too, for he is the undisputed possessor of all that he wants. He is wise, for he knows a little more than any body about him, and as to his valor, it is self-evident from the fact that he has been promoted with unparalleled rapidity to be Captain, Colonel, and finally General Parsons. Accordingly he is comely, or thereabouts, with a bluff, ruddy face, and a voice as cheerful and ringing as a sleigh-bell. He turns his hand to more kinds of business than any one in the village, and, what is uncommon,

thrives at all. He keeps the post office, and therewith also a small assortment of groceries, thread, tape, darning needles, tin pans, and axe-heads, and the usual miscellaneous stock of a country store. He has a thriving farm,—possesses legal knowledge enough to draw deeds and contracts, and conduct all the simple law business of his neighborhood, and besides this, he attends, in a general way, not only to the government of the United States, but of all the countries in the world; for Jonathan takes a weekly newspaper from Boston, and makes up his mind at once as to all his matters and things the world around, and his convictions, doubts and opinions on these points, are duly expounded to his townsmen, while he is waiting out sugar or tea, or delivering letters in the course of the week. It is a pity that the President of the United States, or the crowned heads of Europe, never send to Jonathan for his opinion—for they would always find it snugly made up and ready for instant delivery. We have only to say in addition, that besides the patriarchal compliment of sons and daughters, among whom we shall only mention the eldest, whom we shall introduce by the very verdant name of Mary. The village had called her another beauty before her, and Mary has borne that name ever since she took the golden curls of careless childhood. Yet it is not the impression of mere physical beauty that she produces upon you; there is both intelligence and energy in the deep violet of the eye, and decision as well as sweetness in the outline of her beautiful mouth. Her form, naturally slender, is developed by constant and healthful exercise, and displays in every motion the elastic grace of her own mountain sweet-brier. And, more than all this, there is a certain cool, easy air, a freedom and nobility of manner, a good taste in speaking and acting, that give to her, through unthought in the ways of the world, that charm beyond beauty, which is woman's most graceful gift. For this instructive sense of what really is due to one's self and others, this perception of times, places and proprieties, which forms the highest attraction of the lady, though it may be wrought out by laborious drilling, and the tutelage of etiquette, is often the free gift of nature, poured on the fair head of some one who has never trod a carpet, seen a piano, or taken one step in the labyrinth of artificial life.

Mary's amount of accomplishments, so called, was small,—including not a word of French, and no more music than was comprised in the sweetest of natural voices, taught in the common evening singing school of the village. But as a daughter and singer and housewife, her accomplishments were numerous. Enter the cool, quiet house, not a room of which boasts a carpet, but whose snowy floors need no such concealment. The chief of all that is done in the house, in providing, making, mending, cleaning, and keeping in order, is by the single hands of Mary and her mother. We know this may lead the minds of some of our readers to very prosaic particulars. We have heard a great deal of her playing on the harp &c., but who ever heard of a heroine washing or ironing? The most that has ever been accomplished in these respects, was by the lovely Charlotte of Goethe, whom he introduces to us cutting bread and butter for her little brothers and sisters. We can assure all our fair readers who are inclined to be fastidious on the point, however, that had they lived under the roof of Jonathan Parsons, they could scarcely have been scandalized by any disagreeable particulars. Even at the wash bench, our heroine, in her neat, close fitting calico, never looked so little like a lady as some fair ones we have seen in curl papers and morning gowns before they were made up for company; and moreover, much that seems more thorough would be over with and out of sight, long before they are in the habit of having their eyes open in the morning. Many days they would behold our heroine in possession of leisure to draw, paint, write, sew, or work muslin, quite equal to their own. They would see that by industry and that quick observation in which pretty women are seldom lacking, she could fashion her attire so as not to be far from the rules of good usage; and that, though her knowledge from books was limited, her mind was active and full of thought, and as ready to flash at the entrance of knowledge, as a diamond at the entrance of light.

You are not to suppose that a lady of such accomplishments, natural and acquired, a lady of rank and station, moreover passed to her seventeenth year unwedded. So far from it, there was scarcely a personable article in the way of a beau, who had not first or last tried a hand in this matter. There were two dilapidated old bachelor, one disconsolate widower, half a dozen school-masters, one doctor and one lawyer, already numbered among the killed and wounded, and still Miss Mary carried her head with that cool, modest, "what-does-it-care-for-you" air, that indicated that her heart remained entirely untouched,—and all the wonder was, whom should she marry? It came to pass, one bright summer afternoon, that as two young gentlemen, strangers in the village, were riding by the house of Jonathan Parsons, the sudden explosion of a gun caused the rider, who, falling against a post in front of the door, was very seriously injured. The consequence of all this was, that the two very good looking young gentlemen were detained at the house for some two or three weeks. They were from Canada, and had come down to New Hampshire on a shooting and exploring expedition. The younger of them was the young Earl of Beresford, and the gentleman with him a Mr. Vincent, his traveling companion, to whom happened the unlucky accident. He was so seriously hurt as to be confined entirely to his bed, and my young lord being thus suddenly thrown out of business, and in-

to a dully calm, roomy, uninteresting old house, with no amusement but to tend a sick friend, and no reading but Scott's Family Bible and the Almanac, thought himself in very deplorable circumstances, until he caught a glimpse of the elegant form and face of Mary, which suddenly roused his apathy. Now when one is treading carpeted floors, lounging on damask sofas, and smelling cologne water, a pretty girl is very much a matter of course, unless her beauty be of a particularly rare and striking character. But where there are no curtains, no pictures, no carpets, and nothing more luxurious than a very high backed, perpendicular rocking chair, a pretty girl becomes an angel forthwith, and such was the case at present. The young Earl really thought, all things considered, that he would do our fair Yankee the honor to institute a flirtation with her—so at least said his manner, when he made his first advances. He was repulsed, however, with a cool and determined indifference, which seemed to him quite unaccountable. We could have told the young gentleman the reason. It was not that Mary had not a woman's love of admiration, when honestly and sincerely offered, but there was something in the gallantry of Beresford altogether too taking for gentleness or amiable condescension. And there was a something indefinite even in his politeness, that told her that he looked down on her parents as being of a vastly inferior order to his own—and the thought roused all the woman's pride within her. No process of the blood could have been more stately self-possessed and politely determined to keep one at a distance, than our village beauty.

The Earl of Beresford was a mere man of fashion, with no more than a barely comfortable degree of reflection and feeling. Entirely incapable of estimating the real worth of Mary's character, and valuing her merely by the rules of conventional life, he was still struck, by the quiet determination of her manner, into something like respect. Our gentleman, however, had been thoroughly accustomed to have his own way, and as is usual with such persons, the thing he could not attain assumed in his eyes a sovereign value. He, moreover, prided himself particularly on his success with women, and was not disposed to yield his laurels in an obscure country village. Consequently, the more Mary recoiled, the more eagerly he advanced,—the less she seemed disposed to value his attentions, the more obsequious they became, till at length my young lord grew so excited, that he determined on the impetuous expedient of declaring his name and rank and making love in regular form, rather than lose the game.

"Vincent!" said Beresford to his friend, one evening, after walking up and down the room several times adjusting his collar and brushing up his whiskers, like a man that is getting ready to say something.

"Well, Beresford, out with it," said Vincent.

"Vincent, I have come to a very serious determination."

"I should think you might have," said Vincent, laughing. "We have been in serious circumstances lately."

"Nay, but without joking!"

"Well, without joking, then."

"I have determined to be married."

"For the two hundred and fortieth time," replied Vincent.

"Vincent, do be serious."

"Serious? Have I not been dully serious, ever since I came head first into this philosophical retreat? However, will proceed to particulars, for my news is better than no news."

"Well, then, Vincent, I am determined to marry this lovely little hostess of ours."

"Not old Mrs. Parsons, I presume," said Vincent, laughing, "there would be little eclat in an elopement with her."

Beresford grew angry, but as Vincent still continued to laugh, was at last obliged to join, though with a very poor grace.

"Now, Vincent, be serious, you may spare both your wit and your wisdom, for my determination is unalterable; you know, of course, I mean lovely Mary."

"Pshaw!" said Vincent, growing serious in his turn. "Now, Beresford, is not this just like you? Because you are here in a stupid place, and in want of amusement, must you set your self to ruin the peace of an honest, artless country girl? It's too bad,—I am ashamed of you."

"Ashamed? too bad! what do you mean? Did I not tell you that I am going to marry her?"

"And do I not know you will do no such thing?" replied Vincent, "did you ever see a handsome woman, of honorable principles, that you have not had a six weeks' row of merrymaking?"

"But, Vincent,"

"But, Beresford," interrupted Vincent, "do you not know well enough, that all your vows and promises will wear out by the time you get to Quebec, and after the first ball then comes the old story,—unavoidable alteration—erud necessity must prevent, and so forth,—and so the poor girl who has been the object of your good looks and fine speeches, is forgotten. Now, Beresford, you know all this as well as I do."

"But Vincent, you do not understand the case."

"So you have told me regularly in every flirtation since you have been in the country. Come, my Will, for once be advised, and let this be the last time. Besides, think of the absurdity of the thing,—introducing a wife whom you have picked up like a partridge, on a shooting tour—nobody knows when or where."

"Oh, as to that," replied Beresford, "I can take her to Quebec and put her into a convent to acquire accomplishments. She has an air and manner worthy of a countess, now—and then one can make up some little romance as to her parentage,—at all events, marriage is the only terms on which she can be gained, so marry her I will."

"And have you gained her consent, and that of her parent, to this wise scheme?"

"Her consent!" said Beresford,—of course, she will consent, though I have not yet opened the subject with her."

"And pray how do you know that?"

"How do I know! why, I shall tell her who I am, and plead the case officially, you see, and with all deference to the elite of this region, such offers do not occur every day,—she must see this of course."

"Well," replied Vincent, "I have seen little of her, to be sure, but from the sobriety of mind and good sense that seem to characterize the family, I have some hopes that you will not succeed."

"That's just praying for, I fear," said Beresford, "if I may judge from certain little indications, and so forth"—and Beresford turned on his heel and whistled himself out of the room, with a very contented and assured appearance.

His confident expectations had arisen simply from the fact that our heroine, from the joint influence of acquaintanceship and natural good humor, had grown, of late, much more approachable; besides which, for a few days past, a more marked change of manner had supervened.—Mary had become absent, occasionally melancholy, and more than usually excitable,—her color was varying, her eye was restless, and there was a nervous tremor of manner, entirely different from any thing she had ever before exhibited.

The truth was, that she was wholly engrossed by certain little perplexities and sorrows of her own; but as Beresford knew nothing of the kind, he formed for himself a very natural and satisfactory theory, as to the cause of her altered manner.

Accordingly, at the close of a still afternoon, when Mary's mother and sister were absent, Beresford stole suddenly upon her, as she was sitting by an open window curtained by green vines. He commenced his enterprise by a series of complimentary remarks, in just that assumed, comfortable way, that is inexpressibly tedious to an inexperienced and sensitive woman—a manner that seems to say, "I understand all about you, and can manage you to admiration. Mary felt annoyed, yet conscious of her own inability to meet, on his own ground, the practiced and ready man of the world, who addressed her.

"Mr. Beresford," she said at length, after some silence, "I presume that all this is very fine in its way, but I beg you will not waste it upon me,—I really have not the cultivation to appreciate it."

Beresford protested that he was entirely and devotedly serious in every word.

"I am very sorry for it, if you are," said Mary, smiling.

Beresford proceeded to reveal his name and title, and to make an offer in regular form.

With some surprise, but with great simplicity and decision, our heroine declined the proposal.

Beresford pleaded the advantages of station he had to offer, his own disinterestedness, and so forth.

"Indeed, Mr. Beresford," replied Mary, "I do not know enough about these things to feel in the least honored or tempted by them. It may very possibly, seem to you that you do me a great honor by this proposal, but I have no such feeling. You are accustomed to such a different manner of estimating things, from any thing I have ever known, that I cannot very well understand your feelings. If I ever marry, it will be one who can fully appreciate the affection I give, for its own sake, and not one who will always look upon me as a sort of ornamental appendage to his station, and so forth."

"Some Yankee pedlar or tinkler, perhaps," replied Beresford, merrily.

"Very possibly," replied Mary, calmly, "and yet he may be more truly noble than the only Earl I ever had the honor of knowing"—and our heroine left the room.

And yet on the evening of that very day, you might have caught glimpses of the white dress of Mary, as she stood beneath the old vine arbour, in the garden, alone with one other, listening to the old tale again. But this time one might perhaps see that she listened with an unwilling ear, while a manly hand clasps hers, and words of pure love feeling are poured forth.

"I must go, Mary—brightest, dearest, loveliest, with such a form and face, such a soul, what might you not demand in one that dared hope for you, and I have nothing to offer—nothing."

"And do you think that I cannot a heart and soul like yours for nothing?" said Mary.

"Yes, but there is so long an uncertainty before we can reach a single-headed and not a soul thinks I shall succeed—not a soul—not even my own mother."

"Yes, George, you know I do," said Mary, "and you know what I say is worth more than all put together."

"Indeed, I do,—indeed I do,—or I should have given up in despair long ago, my life, my angel."

"To be sure I am an angel," said Mary, "and so I beg of you, believe every word I say,—but six or seven years from this time, you will come back here the great Mr. George Evans, and everybody will be asking how and strappings hands."

"Ah, Mary!" said the young man, smiling, "and immediately after his free reign of an anxious and thoughtful cloud again seemed to settle upon it,—he took her hand and spoke with an expression of sorrow, such as she had never before seen."

"Mary, I fear I have done you wrong, to introduce you in my uncertainty,—to make your happiness in any respect dependent on my doubtful success in a long, hard struggle. I ought not to leave you bound to me by any promise."

"If, during these future years, you see one who makes you an immediate offer of heart and hand,—one worthy of you,—and you think that it were not for me—"

"I am to take him, of course," said Mary.—"Well, I will remember it. Oh, George, this is just like you,—always depending when you hope most. Come back to me five or ten years hence, and if you have any advice of the kind to give then—why, I'll think of it."

But what was said after this we will not stop to relate; we will only pause a little in our story, to explain the "who and what" of the last scene.

There dwelt in the village, a poor, pale, sickly, desponding widow, whose husband had been a carpenter, but being suddenly killed by a fall had left to her wife no other treasure than a small house and garden, and as bright a spot of boyhood as ever grew up, fair and flourishingly in old, decayed stock. Little George was a manly, daring, resolute fellow, with a heart running over with affection and protecting zeal for his mother, and for a while he hoed in the garden, drove the cows, milked, and helped in various matters in doors, with an energy and propriety that caused him to be held up as a pattern in the neighborhood. But when the days drew on that he should be put to some effective way of making a living, the various wise advisers of his mother began to shake their heads,—for with a deal of general ability he seems to have no elective affinity for any thing in particular.

There was a good natured shoemaker, who offered fully to teach him the mysteries of his craft, and his mother looked upon it as a providential opening, and George was persuaded to essay upon the lapstone; but it would not do. Then Jonathan Parsons, being a neighborly, advising man, thought he knew what was best for the boy and offered to take him on his farm and make something of him; and so George wielded spade and hoe and axe, and a very capable young farmer he promised to be; but after a while he declared off from this also. In short, he seemed in the eyes of many to be in danger of falling into that very melancholy class of instances of clever people, who in common phrase, "don't seem to stick to anything."

But the gossip of the place were for once mistaken, for there was that which George did stick to after all. He had in his veins that instinctive something or other, which leads one to feel after and find what he was made for. George had come across various old volumes of books—history, travels, biography,—and these had awakened in his mind a burning desire to do or be something in the world—something he scarce knew what, and so he determined he would go to college. And what a sighing and wondering was there from his old mother, and what talking and amazement among the village worthies. Jonathan Parsons gave the young man a faithful and fatherly lecture, from the top of a codfish barrel, on the subject of tempting Providence, and other kindred topics, enforcing his remarks by alluding to the example of Jack Simpson, a poor nondescript, who was generally reported to have lost his wits in the attempt to study Latin, as a most forcible illustration of his argument. Poor George had but one friend to encourage him amid all the opposition, and that was our warm-hearted trusting Mary. He had become acquainted with her during his stay at her father's, and she had entered warmly into all his plans, and encouraged his scheme with all a girl's confident undoubting enthusiasm. They had never, until the evening interview we relate, settled any definite expectations for the future, for both knew that it was not a subject to be mentioned to Jonathan Parsons, who would set it down as a clear indication of folly on the part of Mary, and something worse upon that of the gentleman.

We will not tell of the years long efforts that had been made by our hero, up to the date of his last interview—of the ragged Latin Grammar studied by firelight of his mother's hearth—the Euclid poured over during the long hours of the night, while he was tending a saw-mill for a neighboring farmer. Suffice it to say, that alone and unassisted, he had now conquered the preparatory studies necessary to fit him for college, and had earned beside a small stock of money. This, his little all, he laid out in a pedlar's box and after bidding adieu to Mary, and promising his mother to send her a portion of all his earnings, he left his native village with the determination never to return till he had fulfilled the destiny he had appointed for himself.

Six years from this time, and Mary was a beautiful woman of three-and-twenty, and not only beautiful, but educated and accomplished; for her own effort had procured for her advantages of culture superior to what it is the lot of many to attain. George returned to his native village, a newly admitted lawyer, with the offer of a partnership in a very extensive business in Boston. Of course, every body in the village altered their minds about him directly. His old mother laughed and almost blushed when complimented on her son, and said that somehow George always did seem to have it in him, and his neighbors one and all remembered how they had prophesied that George would be a remarkable man. As to Jonathan Parsons, he shook hands with him in extra style, invited him to drop in and see him any time, and even inquired his opinion as to one or two new suits of Congress, about which he professed he had not yet made up his mind; and Mary—ah, well! Mr. George and Miss Mary had a deal of business by themselves in the little front room, from which came in time as gay a wedding as ever made an old house ring with merriment; and then they took a house in Boston, and Mr. George Evans began to make a figure in the papers, as a leading young man in the political world, which made Jonathan Parsons a zealous reader of them than ever; for, as he often took occasion to remark, "he felt he had some hand in forming that young man's mind."

My years after this, the Earl of Beresford and our heroine again met at a court drawing room in his own land, and to her, as the wife of

the American Minister, his Lordship was formally presented. He was now a regular married man, somewhat gouty, and exceedingly testidious in the matter of women, as his long experience on these subjects had entitled him to be. He was struck however, with the noble simplicity of Mary's manners, and with a beauty which, though altered in style, time, had done little to efface, nor did he know, till the evening was over, that he had been in close attendance on the little village beauty of New Hampshire and the wife of a Yankee Pedlar.

THE OREGON QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

Advises by the Hibernia represent, that the intelligence of the rejection by this government of the second proposal of the British Minister at Washington, to refer the Oregon dispute to arbitration, created in England considerable surprise and disappointment. If the English public allowed themselves to become the victims of either emotion, the fault was wholly their own; for there were no just grounds for apprehending a contrary result. They ought rather to have been surprised that the British Minister here, should have left himself at liberty to make a second tender of a proposal, which had been considered and emphatically rejected by this government not a twelvemonth before, while nothing had occurred in the mean time to change the aspect of the controversy or to render an acceptance of the offer a whit more probable. Our transatlantic neighbors are surprised and disappointed that the American government does not consent to do to-day what it refused to do yesterday. But with Great Britain the case is wholly different; she must preserve her consistency!—She must not be asked to accede to proposals which she rejected, not a year ago, but twenty years ago! They are astonished that our government should have tendered a proposition in 1845, which that consistent government rejected in 1826! The offer is almost an insult to the whole British Empire—the British press so regarded it—the British Minister here, so treated it. It was a proposition at once so absurd and inadmissible, that the British negotiator would not pay it the cold civility of permitting it to reach the ear of his government. It must be rejected at once!—British honor was compromised by the supposition that it could meet with favor! And although British pretensions in relation to the general question have of late suffered some abatement, yet on the point of adhering to their consistency, there has been no giving way. They insist that this government ought not to have expected that they would accept a compromise which they have so often before refused! However foolishly they acted in rejecting offers heretofore made, they demand to be saved from an admission to this effect. This point they declare they ought not, cannot, and will not yield, even at the hazard of a war! And many very clever people in this country take the same view of the matter. They also maintain that it is unreasonable in us to insist upon such extremes in this matter—they also declare that Great Britain, cannot now accept what she has before rejected, without compromising her honor! Neither the British nor their apologists in this country, however, can see the least impediment to the American government, "backing and filling," to any desirable extent, or in jumping "Jim crow," on this question, to suit the occasion! The idea of the "American democracy" having any such commodity as "honor" or "consistency," to preserve, is quite ridiculous and absurd in the extreme!

So think the British—so think their advocates here. Hence the former are "surprised" and "astonished" that this government tends a second proposal to arbitrate as it did the first—and the latter, do not see how we are to avoid the responsibility of this second rejection of arbitration, the offer which the world will pronounce an indication of a peaceful temper and a yielding disposition on the part of Great Britain!

This notion, however, that Great Britain would now refuse to accede to previously rejected offers, on the score of consistency merely, is quite too preposterous to need denial. Consistency and honor—what cares she about either when they stand in the way of her interests! It is a mere pretence—a subterfuge, designed to facilitate, while it masks her real purposes! She adopts it, with a view to get all she wants in Oregon. She had hoped by it, to force the question to arbitration, in which event she would have relied upon getting and would have gotten all she desired to obtain; but in this respect her hopes have been completely frustrated. She will now rely upon this pretext to achieve that point by action upon the fears or the pacific and yielding disposition of this country. She is not prepared to accept terms greatly less favorable than those offered by us and rejected by her 20 years ago—terms which included the navigation of the Columbia, all of Vancouver's Island and the possession of Foca Strait; and Mr. Webster declares that neither the Senate nor the country are prepared to reject offers made by us 20 years ago, if they should be renewed by Great Britain. This is the method to be pursued. She is not to rely upon strength of title—nor upon arguments in support of her pretended claims—but upon declined offers of compromise, made a quarter of a century ago. These are to bind us, without binding her! A novel element indeed, in diplomatic history, heretofore but imperfectly understood!

[Augusta Age.]

Progress. Not many years ago the mail from New Orleans was from thirty to forty days in reaching New York. During the administration of Judge McLean as Postmaster General, a plan was adopted to convey the mail from New Orleans to Washington in fourteen days. This was considered a great undertaking. Now the contract time is eight days.

At Washington, on Wednesday afternoon, the steamboat from Alexandria was almost blown over in the Potomac; two river boats, loaded with wood, were sunk, and one man or more was drowned.

Ocean Steamers—Astor line. It is reported that Mr. Wm. B. Astor is about to establish a line of four steamers between New York and Liverpool, at an outlay of one million of dollars, making the regularity of Mr. James Smith.

President's Message.

To the Senate of the United States:

In answer to the inquiry of the Senate contained in their resolution of the 17th instant, whether, in my judgment, any circumstances connected with, or growing out of, the foreign relations of this country, require at this time an increase of our naval or military force; and, if so, what those circumstances are, I have to express the opinion that a wise precaution demands such increase.

In my annual message of the 2d of December last, I recommended to the favorable consideration of Congress an increase of our naval force, especially of our steam navy, and the raising of an adequate military force to guard and protect our citizens as might think proper to emigrate to Oregon. Since that period I have seen no cause to recall or modify these recommendations. On the contrary, reasons exist, which, in my judgment, render it proper not only that they should be promptly carried into effect, but that additional provisions should be made for the public defence.

The consideration of such additional provision was brought before appropriate committees of the two Houses of Congress, in answer to calls made by them, in reports prepared, by my suggestion, by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, on the 29th of December and the 8th of January last; a mode of communication with Congress not unusual, and under existing circumstances, believed to be most eligible. Subsequent events have confirmed me in the opinion that these recommendations were proper as precautionary measures.

It was a wise maxim of the father of his country, that "to be prepared for war is one of the most efficient means of preserving peace;" and that "avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace," we should "remember, also, that timely disbursements to prepare for danger, frequently prevents much greater disbursements to repel it." The general obligation to perform this duty is greatly strengthened by facts known to the whole world. A controversy respecting the Oregon territory now exists between the United States and Great Britain; and while, as far as we know, the relations of the latter with all European nations are of the most pacific character, she is making unusual and extraordinary armaments and warlike preparations, naval and military, both at home and in her North American possessions.

It cannot be disguised that, however, sincere may be the desire of peace, in the event of a rupture these armaments and preparations would be used against our country. Whatever may have been the original purpose of these preparations, the fact is undoubted that they are now proceeding, in part at least with a view to the contingent possibility of a war with the United States. The general policy of making additional warlike preparations was distinctly announced in the speech from the throne, as late as January last, and has since been reiterated by the members of the crown in both houses of parliament. Under this aspect of our relations with Great Britain, I cannot doubt the propriety of increasing our means of defence, both by land and sea.

It can give Great Britain no cause of offence, nor increase the danger of a rupture. If, on the contrary, we should fold our arms in security, and at last be suddenly involved in hostilities for the maintenance of our just rights, without any adequate preparation, our responsibility to the country would be of the gravest character. Should collision between the two countries be avoided, as I sincerely trust it may be, the additional charge upon the treasury in making the necessary preparations will not be lost; while in the event of such a collision, they would be indispensable for the maintenance of our national rights and national honor.

I have seen no reason to change or modify the recommendations of my annual message in regard to the Oregon question. The notice to arbitrate the treaty of the 6th of August, 1827, is authorized by the treaty itself, and cannot be regarded as a warlike measure; and I cannot withhold my strong conviction that it should be promptly given. The other recommendations are in conformity with the existing treaty, and would afford to American citizens in Oregon no more than the same measure of protection which has long since been extended to British subjects in that territory.

The state of our relations with Mexico is still in an unsettled condition. Since the meeting of Congress another revolution has taken place in that country, by which the government has passed into the hands of new rulers. This event has prostrated, and may probably defeat, the settlement of the differences between the United States and that country. The number of the United States to Mexico, at the date of the last advice, had not been received by the existing authorities. Demonstrations of a hostile character to the United States continue to be made in Mexico, which has rendered it proper, in my judgment, to keep two thirds of our army on our southwestern frontier. In doing this, many of the regular military posts have been reduced to small force, inadequate to their defence should an emergency arise.

In view of the "circumstances," it is my judgment that "an increase of our naval and military force is at this time required," to place the country in a suitable state of defence. At the same time, it is my settled purpose to pursue such a course of policy as may be best calculated to preserve, both with Great Britain and Mexico, an honorable peace; which nothing will so effectually promote as an attitude in our communications and a firm maintenance of all our just rights.

JAMES K. POLK.

Washington, March 24, 1846.

The clerk having read the message, On motion of Mr. Allen, it was laid on the table, and ordered to be printed.

The trial of Thomas Ritchie, Jr., for the murder of John H. Pleasants, in the late duel at Richmond, was commenced in the Supreme Court, at Chesterfield, Va., on the 25th inst. Mr. Ritchie's counsel are Andrew Stevenson, John W. Jones, Samuel Taylor and William O'Brien. For the State, Daniel H. Flournoy, Attorney for the Commonwealth for the Supreme Court of Chesterfield.

THE "NOTICE" IN THE SENATE.

A CAREFUL consideration of the news by the last arrival has impressed us with a new and more deeply with the importance—the vital importance—of prompt and firm action in the Senate in the adoption of the "Notice" without the clause urging compromise.

It is to be regretted that a strong vote of Congress approving the rejection of arbitration by the Executive, could not have reached England by the same ship which bore the intelligence that arbitration had been declined. Statesmen in France in England, here, and everywhere, have seen from the first that an offer to arbitrate was in the nature of the case, wholly inadmissible; but the people of England need some positive assurance that the opinion of this country, in so far as the spirit of party gives it free play is almost unanimous in its approval of the rejection of that mode of procedure to entangle, not to adjust the controversy. The noble vote of the House upon the "notice"—a vote in every way worthy of the representatives of America, and in no respect more admirable than in its forgetfulness to a very great extent of the dividing lines of party—that vote is, indeed, a most influential sanction of the course of the President. Still, if the voice of the Senate could at the same time have been heard in union with that of the House and speaking with equal decision, our position would thereby have been greatly strengthened.

For, it is manifest enough that the whole clamor of the most hostile portion of the British press—that press which represents the opinion of that part of the British public most reluctant to recognize our rights in Oregon—the whole cry of this part of the press centres on the division which has appeared, or is expected to appear, in our councils. It is this apparent schism among ourselves, in a matter wholly national, that now complicates the whole affair and makes it more perilous.

War is impossible with the notice or without the compromise clause—war is utterly out of the question, till the Senate shall expressly consent to war. The question of the terms in which the notice is to be given, is a question of the best platform on which to meet the further negotiation which may be offered to us. The terms of the notice (so they be not offensive) do not at all touch the question of war. The "notice" itself, hardly touches that question. It is in the legislative measures that may follow the notice, if the question be not settled, that the real strain of the war begins; it is among these that the storm of war lifts up its head afar! When these measures shall come before the Senate, there will be ample time to consider maturely, in view of possible war all the suggestions of true prudence and true patriotism.

But meantime the question is simply this: shall we stand by our negotiating power, on the platform, and in the attitude in which it has deliberately elected to place the father discussion; or shall we disarm and cripple our negotiations at the outset, by a disavowal of that attitude and that position?

The question is grave. We leave it to the wisdom of the Senate, with a good hope, that our legislative power, mindful of the force of unanimity in this matter of a foreign controversy, will rally up to sustain our Executive in the right, at least as firmly and as cordially as the Parliament of England sustains her negotiations, thus far, by their own virtual confession in the wrong.

[Washington Union.]

THE LEGISLATURE.

The time for the meeting of the Legislature (18th of May) is fast approaching, and its careful deliberation will soon be demanded upon the important and varied interests of our thriving State. Many subjects of an important character will be presented for legislation, and commands themselves to the early attention of our law makers.

Besides these important subjects already alluded to in our columns, that of *Popular Education* should enlist the attention of the Legislature. There is, at this time, an unusual interest manifested upon this subject in other States, both North and South. If there is any one thing of which New England may well boast, it is our common school system. Yet, although far in advance of many portions of the Union, we are far behind others in this respect. How far the interests of education can be promoted by additional legislation, is an important enquiry for those in whose hands the subject will be placed. That some improvements can be made is very probable, though the difficulties under which we labor are rather to be ascribed to the inefficiency of our present defects in the present law upon this subject.

The great obstacle in the way of advancement, is the lack of the proper degree of interest in the people in regard to our schools. We have so long lived and thrived—and the wholesome influences resulting from them, that we have almost forgotten that the law makes any provision in regard to them. The commonest blessings are too frequently the most neglected, and least respected. This is too much the case with our elementary schools. We should be glad to see any measure adopted, which will create an increased interest among our citizens, without which the most perfect system will fail of accomplishing its desired results.

The choice of U. S. Senator will also devolve upon the next Legislature. The Democracy of Maine rejoice to have it in their power to place a man in the Senate who will pay proper respect to their wishes, and who will contend for the true interests of the country. We are in the great emergency through which we have passed, the voice of Maine has been heard, in tones of triumph, as we all others, carrying terror and dismay into the enemy's camp, it has unfortunately happened the sequence of being misrepresented in the councils of the nation. But a day of reckoning is at hand, when he who has long resisted the popular will, will be compelled to yield the spoils of an illegitimate victory, and in return, like other broken down politicians of a similar stamp, to enjoy the shades and retrospects of private life.

In regard to the selection of successor to Mr. Evans, the great test, as laid down by Jefferson, should be, "Is he honest, is he capable, is he faithful to the constitution?" There are many distinguished Republicans in Maine, in whose hands the important trusts would be safe, and it is to be hoped that the subject will be disposed of so that the honor of the State may be best sustained, and the interests of the country promoted.—*Eastern Argus*

From the Washington Union.

A message was received by Congress on Monday last, from the President of the United States, communicating a correspondence between the Secretary of the State and the British minister, relative to the excess of duties which have been charged by both countries beyond the terms of the treaty of 1815.

The whole matter has been amicably adjusted, and to the honor of both countries, no serious difficulty was made by either government respectively reimbursing the excess of the duties. The article on which we claimed reimbursement was the rough rice, or paddy, of the southern states, which our government contended should not have been charged at a higher rate than the rice imported into Great Britain from the west coast of Africa. The British government now agrees to pay back the excess.

The amount to be refunded by the British government is £39,000. The amount wrongfully exacted by the United States government is not yet ascertained, but the Secretary of the Treasury supposes it will not be more than \$100,000.]

The Fishing Bounties. We regret to see that an attempt will be made, at the present session of Congress, to repeal the bounties granted to the fishermen of New England. Our fisheries are as much a nursery for our seamen as West Point is a school for our cadets; and the expense to the government is so small, compared with the service rendered, that the attempt to deprive the fishermen of the bounty received by them, seems to us as a measure of the greatest injustice. In some of the seaport towns of New England, the citizens have been identified, almost entirely, with the fishing business, ever since the settlement of the colony of Massachusetts; in Marblehead, for example, quite two hundred years. While under the mother country, large bounties were always paid; and the fishermen were much more prosperous before the Revolution than they have been at any time since. England and France now offer the most liberal aid for the encouragement of their fisheries; and under this encouragement they are much more prosperous than they are in the United States. [Philadelphia News.]

A Bill is now before the Legislature of Massachusetts, which will undoubtedly become a law, incorporating the proprietors of the Magnetic Telegraph between Boston and New York, and providing for the punishment of persons guilty of cutting or injuring the wires, posts, &c., of the line. The penalty for the offence is imprisonment in the State Prison not more than five years, or a fine of \$500 and two years imprisonment in the county jail.

Pointed. Lieut Porter, of the Navy, one of the witnesses examined by the late Committee of Investigation, testified that he had stated to Mr. Dow, the publisher of the Times, that the British government pursue three methods to gain their points; one was by diplomacy; another, by their gold; and third, war. That the British Minister had been brought up in a good school in Mexico, and that he had the example of a Jugurtia in both the Roman senate. He also stated, that from his knowledge of English character, he believed the people of Great Britain regarded us as base as themselves.

New Hampshire. The Coos Democrat makes the majority against the Democrats for Governor, less than 900! and the Democratic gain on the trials for Congressmen in November, 1400. If Colly shall be elected Governor, it will be upon the strength of less than one-third of the votes.

A Bandit. The Lehigh Bulletin relates that a Mr. Macgregor, of that county, on his return from a trip to his city, while riding along was overtaken by a white female, and requested to carry her baggage. He complied and offered her a seat in his wagon into the bargain, but she refused. As requested, he carried the box to the next tavern, handing it out, and waited for the lady to come up. After his own and the patience of the innkeeper was exhausted by her delay, the box was opened and lo and behold it was a new cap or bonnet—but a jet black child, fast asleep! It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the "lady" never came to hand, and the infant was taken to the poor house of Lehigh county.

TRIAL OF TIRRELL.

The Boston papers contain full reports of the trial of Albert J. Tirrell for the murder of Mrs. Beckford. The trial commenced on Tuesday, before Judge Wilde, Dewey and Hubbard; Chief Justice Shaw being absent on account of ill health. Rufus Choate and Anna Merrill, and Samuel D. Parker, for the Commonwealth. Mr. Pratt the coroner, testified to the facts concerning the commission of the murder, and the condition of the premises where the murder was committed, where he was called on the morning of the 27th of October last, to hold an inquest. The main facts appear to be pretty much as they were stated in the papers at the time of the murder. Mr. Pratt exhibited a razor which was found near the dead body, and also a case, "cut and cravat," which were found in the room. In the vest pocket, a bunch of keys were found, one of which unlocked a trunk and valise belonging to Tirrell.

Dr. Mortimer describes the wound upon the body of the deceased, thought that a person could not jump out of bed after such a wound; a person in a high state of excitement might inflict such a wound upon himself.

Joel Lawrence, at whose house Mrs. Beckford was killed, testified concerning Tirrell's visit to the house—he was there the night of the 26th of Oct.—witness was waked up in the morning and heard a noise like some one unlocking the door, and then a strange noise in the yard—went up

stairs and found the house on fire—help put out the fire, &c. He had seen the vest on Tirrell. Mrs. Lawrence testified to pretty much the same facts, which were confirmed by other inmates of the house. Mr. Pullam, keeper of a stable in Bowdoin square, and Oliver Thompson, a man in his employ, testified that Tirrell came to the stable on the 27th, early in the morning, said he had got into a scrape, and wanted to hire a horse and wagon. Thompson drove the person to Weymouth and left him.

Mr. Samuel Head and his wife testified that Tirrell came to their house on the morning of the 27th—acted so oddly that they thought him crazy—wanted a bundle of clothes which he said belonged to him—made a strange noise, but spoke no distinct words—appeared as if he was not fully awake. Mr. Head took hold of him and shook him, and all at once his manner changed as if he was coming out of a deep stupor,—as soon as he came to himself, he said, "Sam how came I here?"—as soon as he discovered where he was, he went away.

Several persons from Weymouth testified concerning his being there on the 27th. Several letters were read from Tirrell to Mrs. Beckford. We have given the most important points in the testimony for the prosecution.

Amos Merrill, Esq., opened the defence in a speech of three hours. He should attempt to prove that Tirrell had been subject to fits resembling somnambulism, and that he was in such a state on the night of the 26th of October. To sustain his position, the mother of the prisoner, Nabby Tirrell, was called. She said her son had been in the habit of getting up in his sleep ever since he was five years old—while in this condition she had to wake him by shaking him and talking to him. He made strange and unusual noises before he awoke—on coming out of these spells he appeared weak and faint.

Leonard B. Tirrell, brother of the prisoner, was used to sleep with him, testified that the prisoner would sometimes catch hold of him in his sleep, and he was obliged to shake him severely before he could awake him,—he would sometimes get up in his sleep and tear down the bed curtains. Maria Richards, of Weymouth frequently sees him in this condition.

Mrs. Emily A. Tirrell, wife of Joel H. Tirrell knew the prisoner and Mrs. Beckford, at New Bedford,—had seen Tirrell in the condition described by the others. Mrs. Beckford always had dark knives and razors in her possession—once saw her with a trial of London, &c.

The foregoing account of the trial of Tirrell is from the *Manchester American*. The proceedings of the trial are only brought down by it to Thursday noon of March 29. That afternoon several physicians were examined for the defence; among whom were Doctors Phenny, Walter Channing, and Woodward (Superintendent of Worcester Insane Hospital.) Dr. Phenny thought the wound might have been inflicted by the deceased herself; Drs. Channing and Woodward both agreed in supposing that the deed might have been done, if at all by the prisoner, in a state of somnambulism. Dr. Woodward related some very interesting cases of somnambulism, which had come under his observation. The evidence closed for both sides, with the adjournment of the court, Thursday evening.

Friday was occupied with the arguments of Don Rufus Choate for the defence, and Mr. Parker for the government. On Saturday morning Judge Dewey charged the jury. After being out two hours they returned a verdict of *not guilty*. Tirrell was immediately arrested on the charge of arson.

At the suggestion of the prosecuting officer, before the verdict was recorded, the Court enquired of the jury, whether their acquittal was founded on a belief of the "insanity" of the prisoner, at the time the deed was committed. The foreman stated that in their deliberations the jury did not arrive at that part of the defence which rested on the alleged "somnambulism" of Tirrell but came to the conclusion that the prisoner was not guilty, simply because there was not sufficient proof to convince them that he caused her death.

DEATH OF EZRA HOLDEN. It is with no ordinary feelings of regret that we are called upon to record the death of Mr. Ezra Holden, one of the Editors of the *Philadelphia Saturday Courier*. The death of Mr. H. was sudden and unexpected. It took place at Washington, where he was on a visit, and so rapid was the approach of the disease, that his wife, who was sojourning to his bedside, arrived only at the dying moment.

Mr. Holden was a native of Oxford County in this State, and by perseverance in well doing he worked himself up from a printer's boy to the head of the largest newspaper establishment in the country. As an editor he possessed an excellent tact to catch the popular taste, and a very clever literary abilities.—In his social relations he exhibited a character every way worthy of our esteem. He was fitted with kindly feelings towards all, and he delighted in good deeds. His house was ever open to his friends, and he never appeared better pleased than when engaged in dispensing his hospitality.—His sudden departure will throw a shadow over many hearts. He has left a family, in mourning with a deeper grief his loss. [Portland Transcript.]

The Cherokee. The Cherokee Advocate of the 5th comes full freighted with tales of blood. It gives a long account of the murder of Tawitoka, mentioned some days ago, and as usual ascribes the deed to the Stars and their accomplices. A United States dragoon also is said to have been killed near Evansville, by Madison G. rinz, a citizen of the United States, but supposed to belong to the Star gang.—Much alarm was felt among the Cherokees, on account of the small pox, which was reported to be prevailing extensively in some parts of Missouri.

An Irishman cautions the public against harboring or trusting his wife Peggy, on his account, as he is not married to her.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, APRIL 7, 1846.

DISASTERS BY FLOODS IN MAINE.

Since our last publication, we have received accounts of freshets in various parts of the State, greater in the aggregate than has been experienced for many years. The sudden rise of water, in most instances, has been occasioned, not so much by the quantity of rain as by the sudden breaking up and damming of the ice, thereby obstructing the free passage of the water.

On the Penobscot, the flood has been unprecedented, carrying devastation and destruction on its banks so far as heard from.

At Orono, the large and valuable block known as the Basin Mills, a building over 400 feet long and 60 wide, was floated off, moving down the river, apparently uninjured, two or three miles before it became a wreck, and is supposed to be a total loss. This occurred on Friday, the 2nd inst.

On Saturday morning, the ice came down from between Oldtown and Mattawamkeag, some fifty miles, passed harmlessly by the Mill District, Oldtown, etc., started the great jam below Orono, and sweeping away the mills, (23 saws) at the Corporation, 4 miles above Bangor, formed another jam at and above the city, causing the water to overflow the banks of the river. Several small bridges were carried away.

Up to Friday night, says the Bangor Democrat, there were no appearances here bodeaking an unusual freshet. Saturday morning the aspect of things had materially changed; the water had overflowed the wharves, penetrated to the cellars in the lower part of the city, and destroyed the upper bridge over the Kenduskeag.

Saturday night a part of the jam moved down, and in a few minutes the whole lower part of the city was inundated, the water having risen ten feet in as many minutes. All day Sunday, the water was from 4 to 12 feet in the principal business streets, being 15 feet deep on the wharves the east side of Broad-st. The water came up within a foot of the second story of the stores on West Market Square, the same in Wall street, on Broad street it was still higher, the Post Office was 7 or 8 feet under water, the great block in which it is kept was in the same state. Exchange street and City point were flooded in the same manner, and at the entrance to our office the water was six feet deep on the side walk. All day boats were plying between different points, and the stores were entered through windows of the second story. Just as daylight disappeared in the evening the ice gave way, and in three minutes the water fell about ten feet, and the next morning at daylight there did not appear to be much of a freshet.

Yesterday morning a most melancholy spectacle met our view. The streets were blocked up with various descriptions of lumber, huge bundles of ice, store houses moved from their foundations, and various kinds of wrecks. While we were waiting there are perhaps twenty rats of boards in Main st; they extend up to the Hatch house where they were floated. Broad street is impassable, there being piles of lumber there twenty feet high, timber strewn in every direction, crushed buildings, and immense blocks of ice.

The Penobscot bridge and the two upper bridges over the Kenduskeag are gone, and the lower Kenduskeag bridge is much injured and rendered impassable—the footways on each side and the middle part of it have been carried away. The Market house was floated off and is now standing near the old Penobscot ferry. Two or three other small buildings were swept off and others were started from their foundations and damaged. The old Carr store on the Point has gone down river.

By estimation, there was half a million dollars worth of lumber on our wharves, and the banks of the rivers, a considerable portion of which has been lost; but what portion it is impossible to determine. This loss will be severely felt.

Several new vessels on the stocks in Bangor and Brewer partially built were knocked off, but no one was carried away, although several rods from their fast position.

In the lower parts of the city, many families were driven from their houses, leaving behind them much of their furniture, and in some instances barely escaping with their lives.

While many of the traders removed their goods to the upper stories of the building, others did not take these precautions—goods to a large amount have therefore been destroyed or injured, and all regular business must be suspended for some days. Every thing is in a state of confusion and derangement.

The lumber merchants will be the greatest losers. In addition to the destruction of boards above mentioned, many of the logs cannot be manufactured this season, for the want of mills, if they come down; many, it is feared, are or will be lost, and others will be detained at the places where cut, the freshet being out of season. As far as heard from, some 50 saws have been destroyed, which cannot be replaced the present season.

We hear that pretty much a clean sweep of the wharves was made at Hampden. The mills stand as before on the Kenduskeag, but the bridge at six mile falls we learn is gone. Other small bridges about as have been carried away, and the travelling must be very difficult, if the roads are not impracticable for carriages.

A large number of our citizens suffer to a greater or less extent, some are injured to the whole amount of their property, but whether personal sufferers or not all feel it to be a common calamity. During the seven-teen years of our residence we have never seen a gloom so deep and universal pervading the place.

On the Kennebec the flood was not so great, although considerable damage has been done. At Waterville a great mill was carried away. At Readville's Mills, Fairfield, a small dam was washed away.

At Augusta some slight injury was done the dam, but to what extent cannot be ascertained until the water falls.

Hallowell escaped without any serious injury. Gardiner is the greatest sufferer. Several vessels

on the stocks at this place, and at Pittston opposite, have been thrown over by the ice and captured. One firm, Messrs. Richardson & Co., had some two hundred thousand lumber carried out to sea. Several store-houses and other buildings were carried away by the ice. The water rose from 12 to 15 feet above high water mark. The extent of the damage we have not ascertained.

The bridge at Norridgewock, which cost about six thousand dollars, is carried away.

On the Androscoggin, we have not heard of much damage, except the destruction at Livermore Falls an account of which we published last week, although it is reported that several bridges are carried off.

On the Saco considerable damage has been done. Many of the booms on the river are broken and thousands of logs and other valuable property have been swept away. The boom at Bar Mills and another one mile above are among the number. The Railroad bridge was rendered impassable for the engines by the damage done to one of the piers, but was repaired with little labor. It was reported that all the bridges between Fryeburg and Saco were carried away, but we have seen no account confirming it.

At Machias the water was higher than has been known since 1779. A large amount of lumber has been lost. From 4000 to 10,000 logs have gone to sea. Loss estimated at about \$20,000.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The Message of the President, a synopsis of which was published last week, will be found in this day's paper. It will be seen that after all the flutterings of the Whig press the position of the President seems to be precisely what it was the day he delivered his first message, recommending the notice to be given. The policy he then marked out was clear, unquestionable, dignified, fearless and statesmanlike. Like an honest man, he still adheres to the recommendation that he then believed to be the true policy of the country. He shows no faltering, no wavering, no timidity, notwithstanding most of the Whig members of the Senate, and a portion of the Democratic members are favorable to less decided, and we must say, a more timid course; one that does not sustain the Executive in his recommendation from fear that Great Britain will not take it kindly. This is the only reason for no one denies our right to give the notice, the expediency of giving the notice, or the propriety of terminating the joint occupancy. The whole world acknowledges it is what we have a right to do, and what the treaty creating the joint occupancy provides either party may do. And so the cry of war, war, is continually reiterated and held up to frighten American citizens; or rather to frighten the indirect representatives of American citizens, for had they the spirit of the people the notice ere this would have been given, and that too without any trembling. But there is a fear that Great Britain will call us to account for an act which we have a right to perform and for no right to complain of, and therefore, it is safer for us to be cautious, and not give the notice at all, or if at all, to annex to it a qualification that amounts to saying, by your leave, or we mean nothing. Let the Senate come up to the work as nobly as the House has and sustain the President in this matter, and we shall then see a government that understands its rights, and dares to honorably and justly pursue them. Fear of war growing out of such a course is idle.

Is the course pursued by the Senate the best one to obtain an honorable settlement of the Oregon dispute, by showing England that our government is divided in its councils as to the proper policy to pursue? and that too, not because the policy proposed is not right, but because England may take offence. If she finds we dare not give the notice, will she not be likely to conclude we shall not dare to exact any more territory than in her liberality she may be pleased to give us? That is the way we think it looks. Others can judge for themselves. Now if that is not the very way to get up a war, then we mistake human nature. Induce England, by making her believe that we are divided in our councils and are afraid of her power, to exact what we cannot honorably concede to, and is not a necessary consequence? Is not the Senate pursuing precisely that course? So it seems to us. We wish they would take the sentiments of the people as their guide and delay no longer.

THE GREAT WEST.

The rapid stream of emigration constantly pouring into the rich fields of the great West, is almost incredible. An instance in point is now before us: The town of Beloit, in Rock county, Wisconsin, was established by the first family in 1836, and at the present time there are over thirteen hundred industrious and thriving inhabitants. To give an idea of the kind of employments that go to make up a frontier town, we copy from the *Journal* (W. T.) Gazette, those of Beloit: There are 17 flouring dry goods stores; 6 blacksmith shops; 5 cabinet shops; 5 tailors' shops; 5 physicians; 3 tanning factories; 3 grocers; 3 sawyer's offices; 6 mill sawyers; 3 milliners' shops; 2 tin and sheet iron stores; where stoves are also kept for sale; 2 hatters; 2 ax-makers; 2 cooper's shops; 2 wheelwrights' shops; 2 shoemakers' shops; 1 carding machine; 1 scale and pump factory; 1 furnace; 1 planing and grooving machine; 1 bakery; 1 oil mill; 1 market, &c. During the last year there have been erected in this village, 23 stone, brick and wooden buildings.

The educational establishments of Beloit consist of four primary schools, one young ladies' Seminary, and one Academy, including, in all, about 200 scholars. In addition to which a College has just been established here. The religious privileges consist of two churches, a fair organized religious society, and seven clergymen. The town is situated on Rock River.

FEARFUL RE-ENCOUNTER—A CONVICT SHOT.

A desperate encounter took place in the Western Penitentiary, at Harrisburg, on Tuesday last. A convict by the name of Gibbs, who was under sentence for nine years from last August, for burglary, and who had previously served a lease of ten years in the Eastern Penitentiary for arson, &c., sprung upon Mr. Watson, the keeper of the prison, as he entered the cell, intending, no doubt, to despatch him and make his escape. Fortunately, Mr. Watson had one of Colt's revolving pistols, and after a desperate struggle for possession of the weapon, in which Mr. Watson's hand was severely lacerated, Mr. W. shot Gibbs, first in the back, (rendering

him dead) and twice in the breast. The last shot did the business. Gibbs staggered into his cell, and in a few moments expired. This Gibbs was a most desperate villain; he attempted to bleed himself to death, shortly after he was sentenced, and subsequently almost effected his escape through the sky lights of the corridor, but fell. Mr. Watson displays great courage and presence of mind, or he must himself have been killed. He had shut the iron grated door between the front part of the house, and the Prison Department, and therefore no one could come to his assistance, although they heard the report of the pistols, and came as far as the door.

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND AMERICA.

It is evident that the mutual visits and jockeyings of the Royalty of France and England, which have become quite frequent of late years, have tended, not only to enfeeble the asperities of the rival governments between themselves, but to create a sympathy, among the French monarchists, with England, in her political difficulties with this country. This is evidenced daily in the French Chambers, where any show of sympathy or friendship for America, in the face of her Oregon or Texas affairs, is voted down by large majorities.

We do not imagine, for a moment, that this feeling is engendered from love to England, but through fear of the "Mouled Republic," whose every stride to moral grandeur or political power, crushes some kingly corpse, or topples down some imperial landmark.

PROVOKING STATE'S EVIDENCE.

A good story is told of George White, a notorious thief, in Worcester county, Massachusetts. He was once arraigned for horse stealing, and was supposed to be connected with an extensive gang which were laying contributions on all the stables round about. Many inducements were held out to White to reveal the names of his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the court was at last obtained that he should be discharged upon his revealing, under oath, all he knew of his accomplices. The jury were accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he was called upon for the promised revelations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he; "understand me, then, the devil is the only accomplice I ever had; we have been a great while in partnership—you have acquainted me, and you may hang him—if you can catch him."

HARD NAMES.—An honest farmer came to a lawyer in a certain city and tried to persuade him to prosecute a neighbor of his for calling him a rascal. "O," said the lawyer, "it would be a great loss of time and money. If I prosecuted every man who called me a rascal I should have enough to do." "Yes," said the farmer, "to one like you it seems to come natural, but the like of me cannot afford to be called hard names."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are requested to give notice that Rev. C. B. Averill will preach at the Universalist Meeting House in Norway on Sunday the 18th inst., instead of the 12th, as was published in the Norway Advertiser.

The publisher of the Norway Advertiser gives notice that that paper will not be issued this week on account of some business arrangements; it also being the close of the second volume.

One Day later from England. A letter to the Merchants' Exchange, Boston, reports a pilot boat laying spoken at 12 m. 30 miles south of Montauk light, ship Yorkshire, Bailey 24 days from Liverpool for New York. A copy of Gore's Advertiser of the 5th was brought to Boston. Cotton has advanced one eighth of a penny. The pilot boat W. J. Romer had not arrived at Liverpool when the Yorkshire sailed.

The packer Switzerland had arrived at London with the Oregon resolutions that had passed the house of representatives.

The English papers consider the attitude of the U. States strongly warlike, and accuses us of a determination to possess Mexico, California, Oregon, Canada, &c., and say nothing will prevent the accomplishment of this design but European interference. In consequence of the news from this country the funds were slightly depressed.

Important Rumor. The Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, writes, under date of March 26, that the despatches from Mr. McLane, by the Hibernia, inform our Government substantially, that the British Government will make no more propositions for a settlement of the Oregon question; that our Government are at liberty to pass such laws as they may think proper for the protection of our citizens in Oregon, but that Great Britain will not permit any improper interference with her own rights, or the rights of those under her protection.

The foregoing rumor is worth about as much we suppose, as the thousands of others that have gone before it.

VIOLENCE. At Washington, on Sunday morning, a merchant from Petersburg, Va., while laboring under *mania a putra*, escaped from the U. S. Hotel, ran into the house of Capt. Ramsay of the Avenue, and wounded the captain, his three sons and a servant severely with a knife, before they could secure him. A whole family have thus been maimed for life, in consequence of the drunkenness of the miserable man whose punishment must, in a wounded conscience, last as long as life continues.

The Susquehanna. The Harrisburg Union of Saturday says:—"Within the last forty-eight hours the Susquehanna has risen some eight feet, being now, probably, thirteen or fourteen feet above low water mark. No damage, however, is apprehended to the public works."

Old cheese and pilot boats resemble each other, according to *Olipud*—both having their heads aboard.

The Quickest Larceny Yet. A few evenings since a female, by the name of Rossanna Logan, called for lodgings at one of the up town station houses, in New York city and was humanely furnished with the necessary shelter. Miss Rossanna tarried until morning and then went on her way. She had been gone but a short time, however, before the Captain missed a corporation blanket of large dimensions, and suspicion falling upon the lady, lodger she was pursued and arrested. There was no appearance of the blanket any where about her, but one of the policemen remarking that her ladyship appeared rather more fashionable than when she solicited the favor of a lodging, instituted a search into the mysteries of her wardrobe, and entirely scandalized the entire office by removing the missing blanket, neatly rolled up and deposited beneath her dress as a bustle. Poor Rossanna Logan felt remarkably flat at this exposure, and the affair created quite a *bustle* among the policemen. Recorder Scott sent her to the Blackwell's Island for two months for stealing the blanket!

Rather Unprofitable. Great Britain took from us, before the late war, near 1000 vessels, and during the war we took from her 1400. Before the war she seized and made slaves of 6000 of our citizens, and we in the war killed more than 6000 of her subjects, and caused her to expend such a sum as amounted to 4 or 5000 guineas a head for every slave she made. She might have purchased the vessels she took for less than the value of those she lost, and have used the 6000 of her men killed, for the purpose to which she applied ours, have saved the 4 or 5000 guineas a head, and obtained a character for justice, which is as valuable to a nation as to an individual. These considerations ought to leave her without inducement to plunder property, and take men in future on such dear terms. [Jefferson.]

Be careful and cleanse your stove funnel often. The store of Mr. Robert Mathes at Milton (Three Ponds village) says the Stratford Transcript, came near being consumed by fire on the evening of the 11th inst. The foul substance contained in the funnel probably caught fire about the time of shutting the store. Fortunately the young man who slept in the store was aroused by the intensity of the heat, in season to prevent the destruction of the building. Although the funnel was 34 feet in length, the fire caught the wood work near the connexion with the chimney three times. The fact that funnel is so liable to purify by fire, as an old chimney, is not generally known, and may account for the cause of many fires which have heretofore been involved in a mystery.

Immortalize him—hand him along to posterity. The Boston Transcript, in speaking of the projector of rail-roads and steam-cars, according to a communication in Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, says that the first person who conceived and carried out in all its details the plan of a rail-road on which steam cars could move with unlimited speed, was Col. John Stevens, of Hoboken. This was forty years ago, and he labored hard with the New York canal commissioners to induce them to establish a rail-road from Lake Erie to the Hudson river, instead of the canal. They considered him a visionary man, and his plan an idle scheme. The canal was dug and put into operation. But a rail-road has subsequently been laid from Erie to Hudson, which verifies all of Stevens' predictions. We wish he were alive to see its operations.

Good Neighbourhood.—About three weeks since, a saw and grist mill were burnt at Vinhaven. It was whispered about among the neighbors over the island that on a certain day all the men and boys should assemble with teams, and spend at least one day for the benefit of the sufferer. At early dawn the town was in motion. Between one and two hundred men, and thirty-five teams repaired to the woods, and soon the old mill site became thronged with sturdy laborers. The timber for the two mills was hauled, hewn, and the whole nearly ready for raising, before night. That was the right spirit, and with such a principle of benevolence in active exercise, most of the crushing rigors of life could be greatly mitigated or prevented. [Bangor Whig.]

An unusual and novel scene was presented in our bay on Monday last. The ice that was leaving the Penobscot, gave it the appearance of the Northern Regions. The wind being from the West, the great body of the ice kept the Eastern shore and went out the Eastern channel; but enough pursued its way West of Long Island, to present an unusual scene. By the aid of a glass many objects were discernible—the ice in its various forms, interspersed with objects, the greater part supposed to be lumber, with now and then something resembling a building;—the vessels in the bay, some making their way along, others engaged in securing drift stuff;—these, together with a bright sun shining upon the ice, gave it the appearance as mentioned above. [Belfast Signal.]

From England. The Steamship Hibernia, left Boston on Tuesday for Halifax and Liverpool, with 120 passengers, mail contained about 40,000 letters and other available matters for our ministers at London and Paris. Every berth has been taken, and several have been prevented from obtaining a passage in her. The Unicorn now fifteen days out from Liverpool, may be expected in a day or two with fourteen days later intelligence.

A suit has been brought against the city of Philadelphia for \$100,000, for the burning of St. Augustine church by a mob, during the celebrated riots. The suit is brought in the name of the "Brothers of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine." The county commissioners of Philadelphia oppose the claim on the ground that the Hermits of St. Augustine being the branch of a foreign society, and being under the control of a foreign potentate, the Pope of Rome, could of right hold no charter under the laws of this country. As they have been in the receipt of an income two or threefold greater than their charter allowed, it is contended that the charter is also void.

The Fushion. A fellow cut up a dido in Boston on Monday and when the officers found him he was stowed away in the berth of a vessel. He pretended to wake up suddenly, and told the officer that he had been in the somnambolic state often; that his wife had told him frequently he was a sleep-walker. In short he said he committed the offence, while in that state! He will probably be wide awake by the time he gets into the Court House.

GREAT GAMBLING. Santa Anna recently won \$18,000 in Havana at Cock-fighting. Rather a novel amusement for the General who would revolutionize a country. However Cardinal Richelieu used to play at leap-frog.

A NEW COUNTERFEIT. on the Cumberland Bank, Maine, has just made its appearance, and is described as follows: 5's letter A, various numbers and dates; vignette, a female in the foreground, with a sheaf of wheat, a train of cars in the distance. Signed, Geo. Cook, cashier, A. Rallen, president. Paper-light and engraving badly executed.

I am Miss-taken as the newly married lady said to her husband.

The Great and only Remedy for Consumption is the Hungarian Balm of Life, discovered by Dr. B. of London, England.

Almshouses, Hospitals, Infirmaries for the Lungs, Ships of War, Penitentiaries, and other public institutions, of various descriptions have been supplied with this medicine, by the American Agent, and the most flattering reports of its effects have in such instances been received from the superintendents.

Pamphlets respecting this Great English Remedy may be had gratis of MOSES HAMMOND, only agent in Paris.

MARRIED.

In Livermore, Cyrus Chandler of Bridgewater Plantation, to Miss Louisa J. Fry.
In Bath, Hiram Campbell to Miss Mary B. Elliot.
In North Andover, Benjamin P. Barlett to Miss Aurelia Rich- ardon, both of New Portland.
In Chelsea, Mass., Mr. John Sale, of Chelsea, to Miss Julia P. Thayer, of Newfield, Me.

DIED.

In Livermore, Mrs. Mary Griffith aged 81.
In Poland, Nancy's wife of Hunt West Dunham, aged 59.

Thrice Weekly Age for 1846.

THE subscriber hereby proposes to issue THE AGE three times a week during the next session of the Legislature. It will contain, in addition to the report of Legislative debates and proceedings, the news of the day, synopsis of Congressional proceedings, which are more than usually interesting during the present session, and the original matter which appears in the weekly paper. We have made such arrangements as will insure us the services of able and faithful reporters in both branches of the Legislature, and intend that the reports of proceedings shall be full and accurate, and the sketches of debates as complete and perfect, as any that have been published at Augusta.

While however, the publisher of the Thrice-weekly Age feels justified in pledging himself to furnish, in any event, faithful reports of the proceedings both of the Senate and House; it is obvious that upon the extent of the subscriptions obtained, must depend the fulness and completeness of the sketches of debate. The expenses of the Thrice-weekly paper, always exceeding the income, are incurred principally with a view to the convenience of the members of the Legislature, and we feel abundantly justified in asking them especially, as well as our other friends who may receive this Prospectus, to aid us, as far as they reasonably can, in obtaining a remunerating subscription. The price of the Thrice-weekly Age will be ONE DOLLAR for the session. It will be published on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS, and SATURDAYS, which will accommodate subscribers on all the important mail routes. The price of all subscriptions must be paid in advance. No order will be complied with unless accompanied by the money. W. M. T. JOHNSON. Augusta, March 27, 1846.

List of Officers

REMAINING in the Post Office at PARIS, Me., March 31, 1846.
Andrew A. Sanborn—Abbot, Levi—Horse, Capt. A.—Burleigh, J. W. P.—Bates, Mrs. Almira, 2—Brett, Seneca—Grant, Mrs. Mary A.—Clark, Jas. T.—Cooper, John—Crawell, John—Cummings, James—Deering, John—Duke, Mrs. Lucinda—Farnis, Miss Harriet—Felt, Calvin M.—Feltton, Silas—Farnum, Simon—Goss, Charles—Hutchinson, Chandler Esq.—Hammond, Geo. W.—Hewey & Brothers—Marble, J. G.—Mushall, Nathan—Rogers, Edward—Rogers, Edmund—Ryerson, Samuel—Stowell, Samuel—Short, S. D.—Swan, Miss Louisa—Sturtevant, Samuel A.—Sturtevant, Mrs. Polly 2—Swift, Mrs. Lucy—Tall, Gilman 2—Tatlow, Ivory 2—Whitman, Winchester—Walker, Capt. Meach. G. W. MILLETT, P. M.

Pauper Notice.

WHEREAS, the subscriber has contracted with the Overseers of the town of Bethel to support SUSAN FARWELL, a pauper of said town, from the date hereof to the first day of March next, and has made suitable provision for her comfortable support at his dwelling-house in said Bethel, he hereby entreats all persons against harboring or trusting her, or to what extent cannot be ascertained until the water falls.

Pauper Notice.

THE subscriber hereby forbids all persons harboring or trusting Mrs. LUCY ROCK, Pauper of Bangor, or to what extent cannot be ascertained until the water falls. According to his agreement with the Overseers of the town of said Bangor, and will pay no debt of her contracting. CHARLES FOWLER. Bangor, March 20, 1846.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently: 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy which it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

Portland Advertiser.

Byron. Macaulay says of Byron, that he could exhibit only one man, and only one woman—a man proud, moody, cynical, with defiance in his brow, and misery in his heart, a scorner of his kind, implacable of revenge, yet capable of deep and strong affection: a woman all softness and gentleness, loving to converse and be caressed, but capable to be transformed by passion into a tigress.

A REPORT.—A John Bull, Jr., who came over by the last steamer, was boasting what Great Britain would do to us in case of war; and to convince his hearers that it would go hand with Brother Jonathan, he stated that the English Government were arming the sterns of their steamers and other vessels with heavy guns. To this a tall Yankee present replied that the Americans did not arm the sterns of their vessels, but their bows. John changed the subject.

WHEREAS, ISRAEL PRINCE of Norway, by his deed of Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of May, A. D. 1845, conveyed to me, the undersigned, certain Real Estate situate in Norway in the County of Christiania, to-wit: The Southernly half part of lot numbered a forty, and in that part of said town called "Lees Grant," and Deed of Mortgage is recorded in the Oxford Registry of Deeds, Book 71, Page 441 to which, for further use and conditions, reference is had, and whereas, the conditions of said Mortgage have been broken, and the said mortgage is hereby given to the purpose of foreclosing the same against the said Mortgagee and his heirs, assigns and assigns forever:

LUTHER F. HILL.
 1846.

Norway, March 21, 1846.

C. W. WALTON,



\$1000 WANTED immediately in payment for the Democrat. Advertising, &c

C. W. WALTON,
DIXFIELD-VILLAGE, MAINE.